

Katie Har

NEW SONGS

FOR

BUTTE MINING CAMP

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NEW SONGS FOR BUTTE MINING CAMP

ARISE YE SLAVES.

(By "Scottie.")

Arise ye slaves that work for wages,
Why have you stood it all these ages—
Why plow and sow and reap and mow,
Your master's purse to over-flow?

Arise, ye wretched human kind
And cast your chains before the wind,
A better day's in store for you
If you'd but only listen to

The call that comes from far and near,
To stand like men and have no fear;
This long night is about to end,
It's coming sure, with steady trend.

The working class demand their right,
And manifest it by their might;
No more content to bow and beckon
To master's lash and human-wrecking.

Arise! it's your historic mission,
To gain your own emancipation,
To leaders do not take your stand,
To lead you to the Promised Land.

It's yours, and yours alone, to do,
No Moses there to lead you thru,
Nor manna falling from the sky
To still the hungry children's cry.

ARISE, YE PROLETARIAN, FIGHT,
AND KEEP BEFORE YOU, "MIGHT IS RIGHT."

THE DAY TRIUMPHANT LIBERTY.

(By James Robertson.)

A voice rings down the isle of Time,
Awake! Arise! the dawn sublime
Is breaking in the Eastern sky,
The hope we bear, the day is nigh,
 The hope all mankind will be free,
 The day Triumphant Liberty.

All nations eager list the call,
Out from their soul-depths make reply,
Mid war's wild crash and carnage drear,
There with the hero's dying cheer,
 Echoing far o'er land and sea—
 The day Triumphant Liberty.

Thou spirit which in ages past,
That brighter burned in dungeon's fast,
The cruel lash but fanned the flame,
Yet myriad martyrs knew thy name—
 Oh! heritage of all that be
 The day Triumphant Liberty.

O'er land and sea, from shore to shore,
Blest peace shall reign for evermore;
Love, truth and justice o'er the earth
Shall guardian be for nobler birth.
 Rebirth, that all the nations free
 The day Triumphant Liberty.

THE MINER.

(By "Scottie.")

Tune: "Standard on the Braes O'Ma^r." RBC
NcU
The miners in the mines of Butte
Are in rebellion fairly,
The gathering clouds of discontent
Are spreading fast and surely;
The miner's life is full of strife,
In stopes and drifts and raises,—
Don't judge him hard, give him his due,
He needs our loudest praises.

Down in these holes each shift he goes
And works mid dangers many,
And get the "miner's con" to boot,
The worst disease of any;
In hot-boxes he drills his rounds,
Midst floods of perspiration,
And clogs his lungs with copper dust,—
A hellish occupation.

The merry breezes never blow
Down in these awful places,
The sun's rays are one-candle power
That shines on pallid faces;
The only birds that warble there
Are "buzzies" and "jack hammers,"
Their song is death in every note,
For human life they clamour.

Conditions such as these, my friends,
Have made the miners rebels,
The under-current is gaining strength,
The mighty system trembles;
The revolution's coming fast,
Old institutions vanish,
The tyrant-rule from off the earth
For evermore 'twill banish.

"WE SHOULD WORRY."

(By "Scottie.")

Some sing the songs of war and strife,
The plagues of honest human life,
But I will sing another song—
Success to Butte's rock miners!
For many years they fought in vain,
An organization to maintain,
Till on the twelfth of June they struck,
And left the masters out of luck.
Demands they made were fair and just—
The rustling card must go to dust,
Six bucks a day, more safe below,
Come hunger, cold or weal or woe,

The stopes and drifts and contract raises
Can all go plumb to hell and blazes
Before these men go back to work,
They'll fight like any heathen Turk.
They're union men right thru and thru,
Except some weak and spineless few
Who'd lay their lives down for the boss,
They've got less guts than a long-eared ass;
Degenerates like these we find
In every race of human kind.
In spite of them we'll win our fight,
For, by the gods, we have the might.
Con Kelly and his gang can worry,
To go to work we're in no hurry.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

(By "Scottie.")

Tune: "The Campbells Are Coming."

The Campbells are coming, Hooray! Hooray!
The "Campbell's real union" is here to stay,
The buttons are blazing, the bosses are raving,
The Campbells are coming, Hooray! Hooray!

The Englishman, Scotchman and Irishman, too,
American, Dutchman, Finlander and Jew,
Are all turning Campbells, good luck to the day,
The Campbells are coming, Hooray! Hooray!

The rustling card system, it sure has to go,
Six dollars we ask and more safety below,
And after awhile six hours in the day,
The Campbells are coming, Hooray! Hooray!

The prostitute-press is bucking us hard,
And the A. F. of L. is just quite as bad,
But we'll show them all we're made of right clay,
The Campbells have come and they're going to stay.

The Campbells are coming, Hooray! Hooray!
The "real Campbell's union" is here to stay,
The buttons are blazing, the bosses are raving,
The Campbells are coming, Hooray! Hooray!

SOLIDARITY FOREVER.

(By "Scottie.")

Tune: John Brown's Body, or, Mine Eyes Have Seen the
Glory.

On the twelfth of June in '17, one bright mid-summer's day,
The workers in the mines of Butte, they took a holiday;
Conditions sure were rotten, and they wanted better pay,
So they made a union strong.

CHORUS:

Solidarity forever, Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever, for the union makes us strong.

The owners of the mines in Butte are called the A. C. M.
A dirty bunch of parasites whose place is in the pen,
So we call upon all workers—all good, red-blooded men.
To join the union strong.

It is we who sunk the shafts, drove drifts and contract-
raises too,
It is we who work in hot-box 'til the sweat runs out our shoe,
Is there anything left for us but to organize and brew
A great big union strong.

The master class is organized in one big union strong,
The workers are disorganized, a weak and motley throng,
But now they are awakening and the time will not be long,
For the union makes us strong.

The rustling card has got to go—it ne'er shall see New Year,
It's kept the working class of Butte in misery and fear,
But its days are nearly ended and its funeral is near,
For the union makes us strong.

Now we call upon all workers, no matter what your creed,
Your color, nationality—to that we pay no heed;
We're workers all and nothing more, so hurry up and speed
The one big union strong.

CHORUS:

Solidarity forever, Solidarity forever,
Solidarity forever, for the union makes us strong.

THE IRISH SCAB.

(By a "Harp.")

Tune: "John Mitchell."

We are all true born union men,
Our cause we will maintain;
To join with all our fellow men
Of Celtic blood, we came.
We have struggled hard for five long months,
Our just rights to defend,
And now today we mean to stay
Until the bitter end.

'Twas in the year of seventeen,
In June, on the twelfth day,
The strike was called for miners all,
To seek for better pay,
And death unto the rustling card,—
It is our just demand,
For liberty is all we ask
In our adopted land.

And now today, we're proud to say,
We have been loyal to our cause,
All but a few who were not true,
The dollar is their God;
They care not for their fellow man,
Nor for his children's need,
But harken to the master's voice
And capitalistic greed.

You Irish scab: remember well,
The laws that made you roam,
And come unto a distant land
To make yourself a home;
Your boyhood days you have forgot,
Your brother man you sell,
And, like Informer Carey,
For lust of gold you fell.

But men like you are always found
In every land and clime,
Their name's on history's pages,

If you look there you will find;
The true bright light of Unionism
You seek for to destroy,
With the brand of Judas on your brow—
A corporation's toy.

But this dark cloud will soon pass on
And sunshine light the way,
Bright, happy days will be in Butte,
And sweet prosperity;
The toilers all who climb the hill
Will get a living wage,
A happy brotherhood of men,
No more the master's slaves.

CORNELIUS KELLY.

(By "Scottie.")

Of all the men in old Butte City,
That needs contempt or even pity,
There's one that rules on the Sixth Floor
That's got them all skinned, by the score.
This old gent's name is Cornelius Kelly,
Was meant to crawl upon his belly,
But listen, boys, he's good and true
The Company's interests to pull thru,
But when it comes to working men,
He'd rather see them in the pen,
Or burning in eternal hell,—
His nostrils would enjoy the smell.

"The grass would grow," so says this plute,
"In Anaconda and in Butte,
Before I meet the men's demands,
And this is final as it stands."
All right, old boy, the time will tell,
You cannot stop the ocean's swell;
It's we who dig the copper ore,
While you lie in your bed and snore;
It's we who fold our arms and stand
Until we get our just demand.
Five months ago we told you so—
(The grass is coming very slow).

Now, look here, Con, just take a tip,
It's going round on every lip,
A job you will be rustling soon
I hope you get it in the moon,
Or in a hot-box, where the sweat
Drips off your hair and burns your neck,
Or where the dust and powder smoke
Would make a guy like you just croak.
Oh Con! Oh Con! the time is coming
When you'll be going 'round a-bumming,
The folks in Butte have had enough

Of your damned lies and bull and bluff.
The boys are out, and out to stay—
No rustling card and six a day.
Your "stools" can hand around the dope
But that will never catch up a stope;
Your gunmen, too, they are'n't much good
When it comes to rustling for their food.
Now, Con, there's nothing left for you
But to knuckle down and COME RIGHT THRU!

WORKERS, UNITE!

(By "Scottie.")

Ye sons that came from Erin's shore,
Just list to what I've got in store,
Of Celtic race and blood you came,
Of fighting blood and noble strain.

Your blood on every battle field
You've shed for master class to wield
The Iron Hand in name of State,
To bring you to an awful fate.

But, Irishmen, you're not to blame,
In other lands it's just the same;
The workers of the world are slaves,
The parasites are heartless knaves.

If you'd be free, you've got to stand
With working men from every land;
Race prejudice you've got to banish
From out your minds, and not be clannish.

Our interests are just the same,
From County Cork to State of Maine,
The master rules with iron hand
From Australia to Baffins Land.

So Workers of the world unite
Beneath one banner for th e right,
In Labor's ranks there is a place
For every man of every race.

Now, Erin's Sons, again I say,
Don't be a slacker in the fray;
The world for workers be your cry,,
Resound aloud from earth to sky.

APPEAL TO THE SCAB.

(By "Scottie.")

To you who work upon the hill,
I have for you a little pill,
A last appeal I hand to you,
To quit your scabbing and come through.

It's twenty weeks ago and more,
Now, fellow workers, don't get sore,
Since we threw down the glove and struck
And left our masters out of luck.

The boys in Anaconda, too,
Have proven men right thru and thru.
Copper's production's very small,
In fact, it's just a great big stall.

The mines in Butte are closing down,
The miners are all out of town,
And out of town they're going to stay,
Until they get their SIX A DAY!

The rustling card they're going to bury,
So, Mr. Scab, GET BUSY,— HURRY!
There still is time for you to lend
Your hand to bring it's speedy end.

Be men, not mice, walk off the job,
We're all a part of this great big cog,
For you need us and we need you,
So join with us and see it thru.

Will you fight for the A. C. M.
Against your fellow working men?
Or, rally with us in this big fight?
If so, brace up and come on strike.

We'll make a better town of Butte,
We shall not be ruled by the plute,
Stool-pigeons, thugs and gunmen too,
Shall hit the ties for Timbuctoo.

So rally 'round the banner, boys,
Refuse to be the masters' toys,
Get off your knees and stand like stone—
One for all, and all for one!

SOLIDARITY.

(By "Scottie.")

Tune: "Its nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer
to lie in bed."

Oh, you always, always will be slaves until you organize,
Workers of the world unite, the dust shake from your eyes;
I believe in Unions, but the only one for me
Is the one that stands for freedom and for solidarity.

CHORUS:

The O. B. U. is out to get the workers of the world
To join the one big union strong, their flag it is unfurled:
They want the world for labor, and they'll get it too, by gee!
And the only way to get it is by solidarity.

Oh! the one big union's growing fast, so workers heed the
call,
Australia, America and Russia and all,
We'll take to the Kaiser too, it's very clear to me,
Just what they want in Germany is solidarity.

In this great land of liberty, home of the brave and free,
We have got unions by the score, but they're fairly up a tree,
They scab on one another, as you can plainly see;
Now what they want, my boys, is simply solidarity.

STRIKE FOR LIBERTY.

(By "Scottie.")

Tune: "Scots Wha Hae."

Miners bold who mine the ore,
List to what I've got in store,
The day has come to strike the blow
For liberty and right.

Who would be a traitor knave,
Who would fill a slacker's grave,
Who so base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee.

By oppressions, woes and pains,
Rustling cards and slavish chains,
Drain your very dearest veins,
But list to freedom's call.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower,
Break the company's haughty power
Of chains and slavery.

Who for Labor's right will draw
Labor's sword 'gainst tyrant's law,
Freeman stand or freeman fall,
For solidarity.

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ORGANIZE!
(By "Scottie.")

For many years the mines in Butte have never had a union,
But things are kind of looking up, in fact the thing is
booming,
The twelfth of June saw them begin to get their heads
together,
To shake to earth their chains like dew that have bound
them forever.

The history of the working class thru all these generations,
Has been a struggle and a fight against all kinds of priva-
tions,
So stand together, workingmen, if your life-blood be red,
Remember that the thing we claim is just our right to bread.

In mines in mills, in factories the workers have been slain,
The checks they lift on pay-days all bear a crimson stain,
They've stood it well, I'm sad to say, but now they are awak-
ening,
It's coming fast, stop it who can, the greater day of reck-
oning.

Now Finn and Scot, Angle and Gael, American and German,
Serb, Montenegrin Russian, Welsh, Roumanian, Croation,
Shoulder to shoulder take your stand as brothers for a cause,
Success will crown your efforts, this is no time to pause.

The hungry cries of children have sounded in your ears,
In this great land of liberty for many, many years,
We've nothing here to lose but chains, we have a world
to win,
These were the words of Karl Marx, which ages cannot dim.

Now men, of Butte, show to the world, don't stop to think
much longer,
Let "Organize!" be your battle-cry, and each hour see us
stronger.

The lying press will do its best to break our ranks asunder,
And spread dissension in our midst, but there is where they
blunder.

The struggles of our class is on, there is no room for
slackers,

Stand man to man in freedom's cause or else fill graves of
paupers;
Unite! Unite! with all your might, our cause is sure to
flourish,
Capitalism is the cause, and it must surely perish.

STAND UP!

(By "Scottie.")

Tune: "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

Stand up, stand up, ye miners,
Stand up in all your might,
Along side of the muckers,
For liberty and right;
All ye who toil for wages,
Get right into the fight,
Refuse to dig the copper
For greedy parasites.

Stand up, stand up ye workers,
Against the rustling card,
Stand up for better wages,
Although the fight be hard;
Stand up for sane conditions,
All ye who toil below,
Stand up and show some spirit,
And deal a mighty blow.

Stand up, stand up ye toilers,
The cry resound afar,
From BUTTE to ARIZONA,
And give the boss a jar;
All ye who have a mother,
A wife or sweetheart dear,
Or dimpled little children,
Stand up and have no fear.

Stand up, stand up ye workers,
Against the robber trash,
No longer to be servile,
Unto the exploiting class;
Stand up, it is your duty,
The time will not be long,
The world shall be for workers,
Come, join the rebel throng!

THE COPPER STRIKE OF '17.

(By Joe Kennedy.)

On the twelfth of June we called a strike
Which filled the miners with delight,
In union strong we did unite,
On the rustling card to make a fight.

The Bisbee miners fell in line,
And, believe me, Miami was not far behind;
In Globe they surely were on time
To join their striking brothers.

The companies were money mad,
This strike made dividends look sad;
The men to Con these words did say,
"They'll be twice as short before next May."

The local press it came out bold
And said it must be German gold —
Although we did not have a dime
The morn we hit the firing line.

Altho we're classed an outlaw band,
We've surely made a noble stand,
Our fight is just for liberty,
And make Butte safe for democracy.

Six hundred gunmen came to town
And tried to keep the strikers down,
In spite of all we're full of vim,
Our password is, "We're bound to win!"

The old war-horse is in the game,
I know all rebels heard his name,
For thirty years and more, I'm told,
His fellow-workers never sold.

The A. C. M., they tried their skill,
When Fellow-Worker Little's blood did spill,
The day will come when union men
Will have a voice in Butte again.

Fellow-Worker Campbell, true and bold,
His comrades would not sell for gold;
He said to Con, "Why, I'll get mine
By standing on the firing line."

Now respect to all true union men,
Who have courage to fight until the end;
To copper barons we will say,
"The rustling card has gone to stay."

A SCABBY COUSIN JACK.

(By Joe Kennedy.)

Tune: "Auld Lang Syne."
It great to be a miner bold
And work upon the hill,
Protected by a rifle cold,
Held by a scissor bill.

And when the shift is over,
Beat it down the pike,
Because you haven't got the guts
To be a man and strike.

Oh, fellow-worker, Cousin Jack,
On you we're keeping tab,
Your first name may be Tussie,
But your middle name is SCAB.

And when the strike is over,
And we've killed the rustling card,
You'd better hit the high spots,
For the sliding will be hard.

You'd better beat it down the pike,
And strike right straight 'ome;
A rock might slip (I hope it does)
And crack your solid dome.

Or, perhaps, a lagging may be cut
And laid across the chute,
Because Old Sabo Tabby
Might be on the job in Butte.

So hurry up and catch the boat
For dear old Hengland's shore,
Real working men are wise to you—
You're rotten to the core.

The principles of unionism,
Certainly you lack;
But what can be expected
From a scabby Cousin Jack!

M. M. W. U. TOAST.

(By "Scottie.")

Here's to Joe Shannon, a rebel true-blue,
Pete Petaja, McNulty, and Kennedy, too,
Here's to Tom Campbell, the "outlaw" bold,
Who would not sell his soul for gold;
There's "Live-Wire" Dunn, the Electrical man,
In the fight for the workers, he's right in the van;
Here's to "Wee" Tompkins, the dread of the plute,
If you want to wise up, read "The Truth About Butte";
Scotty Robinson, too, frae the Land o' the Thistle,
Has proven himself a man of good metal.

These names I have mentioned are Men, and no more,
But they are fighters for freedom right into the core,
The Ladies' Auxiliary we must not forget,
They're "the boys" to get money, on that you can bet,
They keep our hearts cheery with dances so bright,
Two-bits for a ticket, boys—it's part of the fight.
Here's to the Union—the M. M. W. U.,
Out-laws we may be, but they've got to come thru;
We're going to stick it right thru to the end,
"Solidarity's lines" they never can bend!

THE WORKERS' ANSWER.

(By Gordon.)

We have fed you all for a thousand years
And you hail us as yet unfed,
There is not a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the workers' dead,
We have yielded our best to give you rest,
You lie on crimson wool,
If blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God, we have paid in full.

There is not a mine blows skyward now,
But we are buried for you,
There is not a wreck blows shoreward now,
But we are its ghastly crew,
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God, we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
But that was our doom, you know,
From the time you chained us in the field
To the strike of five months ago;
You have eaten our lives, our babies and wives,
But that was your legal share,
But if blood be the price of your legal wealth,
Good God, we have bought it fair.

AIN'T YOU A WOBBLY?

(By a Wobbly.)

Tune: "Are You From Dixie?"

Hello there, worker, how do you do,
You're up against it, broke, hungry too;
Don't be surprised you're recognized,
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.
You want what I want, and that 's liberty,
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me;
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,
So listen to what I say.

CHORUS:

Ain't you a wobbly? Then listen to Buddy,
The one big union beckons to you,
The industrial union, the workers' union;
Tell every slave you meet along the line;
It makes no difference what your color,
Creed or sex or kind,
If you're a worker, then it's kick right in and join,
Become a wobbly, and then we'll probably
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,
"How can we do it, when is the day?"
When all the ladies and all the babies
And every man that works for a wage,
Gets in the union, one union grand,
All hands together, we'll make our demands;
When you and I will lay down our tools, Bill,
Fold up our arms and walk off the job.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

(By Hatheway.)

Life was young and hope beat high,
E'en youth's glamor sweet I dreamed,
'Neath the radiance of the summer sky,
A vision of wondrous woman gleamed.

Perchance I yearned to tread in unknown ways,
Ever my soul on Truth's sweet errand bent,
Running to beauty's mystic maze,
To gain by learning's keen intent.

To wander where the golden way
Ever promises some vision bright,
Lost beauty crowned each dawning day,
And truth made sweet each winning night.

My misery and sufferings are untold,
Each would a ghastly truth unfold,
Let Justice overcome all false authority,
Laws of those who toil must be—Solidarity!

THE SCAB'S LAMENT.

(By a Slave.)

Once a little maiden climbed an old man's knee
And asked, "A story, papa, please tell me,
Why are you lonely, why are you sad,
Why do the miners call you a scab?"

"I had many friends, pet, long, long ago,
And how I lost them, you soon shall know,
I'll tell it all, pet, tell all my shame,
I was a scab, pet, I was to blame.

"Brave men were striking and fighting hard
For better conditions and no rustling card,
First I was with them, whole heart and soul,
But when the raise came, I left them cold.

"I thought it best, pet, to turn a scab,
And go back to the old job I had;
That's why I'm lonely, that's why I'm sad,
That's why the miners call me a scab.

"Many years have passed, pet, since I won that name,
And in song and story they have told my shame,
Everywhere I wander, every where I roam,
The story of my shame is sure to find my home.

"I'd give my life, pet, yes, I'd give it all,
If I'd not turned traitor or scabbed at all;
If I'd my life to live again I know what I would do,
Job or no job, I'd stay with the M. M. W. U.

"After the strike was over, after the men had won,
After the mines were running, after the gunmen
were gone,
The children who were orphaned in the "Spec"
fire that night,
Still tell of Campbell who led that terrible fight."

OH, YOU WOBBLIES!

(By "Scottie.")

I've traveled north, I've traveled south,
I've traveled east and west,
And every place I've set my foot
I've met the same old pest.

It's Wobblies, Wobblies, everywhere,
It's Wobblies night and day,
Week in, week out, they're on the job,
And always in the fray.

You'll find them in the harvest fields
Of North and South Dakota,
And picking fruit in Yakima,
In prisons picking okum.

You'll find them in the frozen North,
In Yukon and Alaska,
They're mushing on the dreary trails
From Nome to Athabaska.

They're in the jails thruout the land,
From New York state to 'Frisco,
And sailing on the seven seas
Where breezes blow so briskly.

The lumber-jacks are Wobblies all,
Right thru this western country,
They're picking hops in sunny Cal,
And tobacco in Kentucky.

They're in old Spokane and Cheyenne,
You'll find them in the jungle,
Beating their way by night and day,
And on their backs a bundle.

They're organizing on the job,
From heaven to hell right thru,
The angels and the shovel-stiffs
Have joined the O. B. U.

HOLD THE FORT!

(By "Scottie.")

Tune: "Hold the Fort."

We meet today in freedom' cause,
And raise our voices high,
We want six bucks, but most of all,
The rustling card must go.

CHORUS:

Hold the fort, the snow 'is coming,
Wintry breezes blow,
Side by side we'll die with Campbell,
Or to victory go.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
Five months old and more,
But there's grub and plenty of it
At the Equity Store.

Money's coming in to help us,
There's no need to fear,
Coal to keep the home-fire burning,
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

See our numbers still increasing,
Hear the companies rave,
By our union we shall triumph
Over every knave.

Watch, my comrades, stools are busy,
Handing out their dope,
Thugs and gunmen in amongst us
Try to break our hope.

Stick, my friends, whate'er betide you,
Soon will end the fray,
"NOW OR NEVER" be your motto,
Victory's on the way.

CHORUS:

Hold the fort, the ice is freezing,
Wintry blasts still blow;
All together, we with Campbell,
Will to victory go.

COURAGE, BROTHER!

(By "Scottie.")

Courage, brother, do not falter,
Tho the snow begins to fall,
Rain or shine we're going to stick it
For the union, one and all;
Tho the road be rough and dreary,
Victory is sure in sight,
Patience, boys, is all that's needed,
Watch yourselves and do the right.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
They are watching you afar,
Money's flowing in to help you
Break the mighty Copper Czar;
Butte must win," is all their slogan,
It's the cry from coast to coast,
"Solidarity forever,"
Is the Metal Miners' toast.

Courage, brothers, tho they jail us,
There are lots to take their place,
Dungeons grim will never break us,
Cowardice we cannot place;
We've a mission to perform,
We have got the world to gain,
Stand united, brother workers,
Break the tyrant's might in twain.

"DARLING I AM GROWING OLD."

(By a Slave.)

Darling I am growing old,
So the toiler told his wife,
Father Time the days have told
Of my usefulness in life;
Just tonight my master told me
That he couldn't use me anymore,
Oh, my darling, do not scold me
When the wolf is at the door.

CHORUS:

To the scrap-heap we are going,
When we are over-worked and old,
When our weary heads are showing
Silvery threads among the gold.

Darling, I am growing old,
He once more told his wife,
All my labor power I've sold,
I have nothing more in life;
Though I'm dying of starvation,
I shall shout with all my might
To the coming generation,
"Workers of the World Unite!"

Green 385

TO THE MINER

"TO THE MINER, LET ME SAY THAT HE STANDS WHERE THE FARMER DOES; THE WORK OF THE WORLD WAITS ON HIM. IF HE SLACKS OR FAILS, ARMIES AND STATESMEN ARE HELPLESS. HE, ALSO, IS ENLISTED IN THE GREAT SERVICE ARMY."

—President Woodrow Wilson.

SONGS AND POEMS
OF BUTTE MINING CAMP



BY HOME TALENT



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